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POEMS

BY

LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

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TO THE 1805
READER.

Whatever may be the merits, or imperfections adjudged to the Author of these little Poems ; whatever may be her sin against critical elegance, and classical purity, she presumes to hope that her *Youth* has claims on the candour of the Public.

In the opinion of many persons of fine taste, variety of alterations might be suggested, perhaps with good effect, yet very seldom does the finishing hand of correction pass over however lightly, the productions of

941895

Fancy, without some injury to the flower and freshness of their first exhibition.

The following poems were written under the immediate impression of different circumstances, and should be considered merely as *slight* sketches, intended to preserve the image of things very dear and sacred to recollection.

Under every bereavement, in every scene of pleasure, the Muse has never failed to sooth her sorrow, and to heighten and refine her enjoyment, she has given her new eyes for the contemplation of the good, the great,

and the beautiful ; and awakened in her soul new sentiments of grateful adoration for their all-perfect source. The Muse, therefore, how little soever entitled to the meed of fame, shall still, for her own sake, be loved and valued by her Votary, shall still reward her, when every other memorial of *living* friendship shall be swept from Time's uncertain record, and "leave not a wreck behind."

The Poet knows how to distinguish between the compositions of art, and the genuine expression of simplicity, and nature : to which of these characters the contents of the volume

now submitted to the public, justly belong; the Author leaves those to determine, who are in the habit of feeling what they write, and of writing what they feel.

Chelsea,

Dec. 16, 1804.

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RECOLLECTION.

*An Elegiac Poem to the Memory of MARIA CATHARINE
TEMPLE.*

Steal on dark silent hour ! I love thy sway,
Let others hail the charms of gaudier day ;
More soothing to *my* heart thy pensive gloom
Than all Morn's golden smiles, or varied bloom.
Thou mock'st me not with gaiety, or glare,
For they ill suit the children of despair,
But when thou hear'st my deep and frequent sigh,
Thy gale replies in mournful sympathy.

What though thou com'st in sombre hues array'd,
 What though thou reign'st in sadness and in shade,
 Thou bring'st more peace to this deserted breast
 Than op'ning Morn in all her splendors drest,
 When first she blushes o'er the eastern sky,
 And makes each flow'r disclose its richest dye,
 Wakens the mantling beauties of the Spring,
 And bids Æolian gales their freshness bring;
 When mimic Écho hastens from her cave,
 And sun-beams dance upon the briny wave;
 While rosy health trips lightly o'er the hills
 And with her balmy breath each sweet distils.
 —What gladness can their smiles to me impart?
 What can they offer to a bankrupt heart?
 What but the spectres of my happier hours!
 The faded hues of pleasure's fairest flow'rs:

Gay, laughing train ! that once I call'd my own,
But now, alas ! for ever, ever flown.

O pale Remembrance ! how thy eager eye
Darts o'er the past with keen rapidity !

Why dost thou speak of days for ever o'er,
Why image joys thou never canst restore ?

Why dost thou spread thy tints so fresh and true,
Then hold the well-known portrait to my view ?

With cruel care each vanish'd charm recal,
And then remind me that I've *lost* them all ?

Let the lov'd moments in oblivion rest.

Oh ! cease to tell me that I *once* was blest.---

Soft lunar hour ! congenial to my soul,

It loves the sweetness of thy mild controul ;

It loves the music of the murm'ring stream,

It loves the trembling light of Cynthia's beam ;

Listens in silent sadness to the blast
 That seems like *it* to mourn the pleasing past.
 Gladly I view the dark and slumb'rous deep,
 Oblivion there her empire seems to keep ;
 Methinks she calls the wretched to invite
 To end their sorrows in eternal night :
 Say 'tis *no* crime, when tempests round them rave
 To seek the refuge of the silent grave.
 Hold ! let me check the mad, the impious thought,
 And recollect those truths that Virtue taught.
 Oh ! let me turn and view *her* beamy form
 Still sweetly smiling midst each earthly storm ;
 Upwards she points, and bids me seek for bliss
 In those fair realms where all is happiness :
 Where no dark cloud meridian brightness hides,
 Where the soul's stream for ever smoothly glides ;

Where youthful Hope's gay banners are display'd
 And bloomy flowers arise that *shall not* fade.
 But e'er my foot the blissful summit gains
 She bids me bear the ills that Heav'n ordains.

Still point then Mem'ry thy envenom'd dart,
 Still hold thy empire o'er my writhing heart;
 Shew to my view the bliss for ever flown
 Wither'd by envious Fate as soon as blown,
 Let me again behold the 'witching smile
 That once could ev'ry pain and grief beguile,
 Then paint the radiance Hope around her threw,
 Spread the rich dreams creative Fancy drew,
 When she all sanguine check'd the boding sigh,
 And deck'd with ev'ry blessing gay Futurity.
 Then bring again that melancholy hour
 When Fate's bright sky began at length to low'r,

When the fine chords which sympathy had twin'd
 That soul to soul with force all-pow'rful bind,
 Were rudely snap'd, and o'er the sadden'd green
 The lov'd, regretted form, no more was seen.
 Yes, Recollection ! I will bear thy sting,
 Will view the blasted buds of life's fair Spring ;
 With thee I'll muse o'er ev'ry tender tie,
 That graces, soothes, and dignifies humanity.
 With thee I'll wander o'er that vernal scene
 Where Peace presided once, the smiling Queen.
 There let me view the mind's serene repose,
 And each soft solace that from friendship flows ;
 Let me retrace each elegant delight,
 Each airy bound of Fancy's wildest flight ;
 View the lov'd partner of my life's gay dawn
 Glowing in all the pride of beauty's morn,

The mantling cheek suffuc'd with health's rich die,
 And pleasure beaming in the speaking eye.
 Bright orbs! the mirrors of that spotless breast,
 There were thy noble energies express'd;
 There Genius threw around her dazzl'ing ray,
 There gaily danc'd Wit's wild and sportive play;
 While awful Virtue shed her chast'ned beam,
 And Modesty and Wisdom reign'd supreme.
 Where are they now?—in Death's cold slumber seal'd,
 The fatal sentence cannot be repeal'd;
 Fled is that fancy which the Muses fir'd,
 For ever mute that tongue with Heav'n inspir'd;
 Chill'd the fair hand that to our raptur'd eyes
 Bade all Creation's brightest charms arise;
 Whose liquid cadence, once so soft and clear,
 Stole sweetly trembling on the ravish'd ear;

Bade the rapt mind past happiness retrace,
 And threw o'er grief a melancholy grace ;
 Or, when it louder swept the chords, whose art
 Could rouse *some* ardour in the coldest heart.
 Fair Star ! thou'rt gone to gild a distant shore,
 On me, alas ! thy radiance smiles no more.
 Around I gaze, how chang'd all Nature's face !
 How dark that world which thou hast ceas'd to grace !
 To *me* how dark ! tho' still the vernal scene
 Wears, as before, its softest, gentlest mien.
 But where that varying charm whose magic pow'r
 Could dress in social smiles the wintry hour,
 Lend to the cheek of care joy's mantling hue,
 And bid life's waning taper blaze anew ?
 O beauty, sweetness, ev'ry grace combin'd
 That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !

What—what shall fill the void which thou hast left !

What can Creation boast of thee bereft ?

As tho' that gen'rous Orb whose glad'ning ray

Calls into life the slumb'ring sweets of May,

Bids the gay birds their melody resume,

And wide expands fair Summer's living bloom,

No longer smil'd around, but in his stead

Dark desolation all its influence spread,

Soon at whose with'ring touch the landscape fades,

Spring's warbling train no more frequent the shades ;

All Nature feels an universal blight,

Veil'd are her graces in eternal night.

But oh bright lamp of day, *thou* reign'st secure,

Nought can thy lustre quench, thy rays obscure,

And when at eve thy glories drink the wave

And gently sink to rest in Ocean's cave,

We know thou'lt rise again, each laughing flow'r
 That pours its fragrance on the morning hour
 Lifts its fair head, and waits thy gay return,
 Not long *thy* absence does the garden mourn.
 But when shall Hope, soft promiser of rest,
 Dawn on the frowning midnight of this breast,
 When shew again the future to my sight
 Glitt'ring with rainbow visions of delight ;
 When, when shall Fate's black wave no longer roll,
 What ray shall thaw this winter of the Soul ?
 Is there a Spring, by pitying Heav'n design'd
 To renovate the verdure of the Mind ?
 Yes, it *shall* bloom again, a dawn shall break,—
 Hope's warbling notes once more my Soul shall wake ;
 The shades of night shall quickly fade away,
 And on my sight shall burst a radiant day,

These eyes shall open on a smiling shore

Where Fate's rude Wind shall lift its wing no
more.

TO MY FIRST FRIEND.

“ Yet Hope was once my parasite,
“ And flattered, and revelled, and ruined.”

Thou ask'st, my Friend, why starts th' unbidden tear,
Why from its prison bursts the labouring sigh,
Why the shrunk leaf that speaks the faded year,
Is gazed on with a cold indiff'rent eye ?

When o'er my features steals the gloom of thought,
Thou wond'rest where my vagrant fancies stray,
Oh ! seek not information dearly bought,
Seek not to cloud thy bosom's orient day.

Ah ! let me gaze upon that seraph smile

Whose sunshine *still* can warm this desert breast ;
Still let those accents spread their magic wile
That sweetly oft have lull'd my woes to rest.

Pour on my fainting soul thy melting notes,

Softer than Spring's lone minstrel can bestow ;
While thro' the list'ning air *thy* cadence floats,
The sigh shall cease, the tears forget to flow.

Still let me pause, and catch that liquid glance,

Feel on my hectic cheek the musky breath,
Still lock'd in fancy's rich and melting trance,
No longer mourn o'er friendship's early death.

Have I not *thee* my erring steps to guide,
 Have I not thee to smile my griefs away?
 Thee in whose bosom flows Truth's mantling tide,
 Whose proud mind blazes in eternal day.

What hand shall sketch the outline of that mind,
 What pencil dare its excellence to trace,
 What touch so bold, what colours so refin'd
 As suits the drap'ry of each awful grace?

Friend! Parent! Guardian of my virgin fame!
 The beaming Orb that lights my dubious way!
 When will thy tongue my passions fail to tame,
 Thy conqu'ring virtues cease to urge their sway?

Let others sound the praise of trait'rous Love,

Let others weave the light fantastic dream,

To loftier regions shall *my* fancy rove;

My artless lyre shall boast a nobler theme.

Accept the verse, O Pilot of my life!

Let not thy polish'd taste disdain the song ;

'Twill sooth this fev'rish frame's rebellious strife,

And bid soft peace in silence steal along.

Or let me muse o'er Nature's vanish'd bloom,

And try the balm retirement can impart;

I feel, I feel my spirit pant for room,

The world weighs heavy on my bankrupt heart.

A barren World, where coward Guilt resides,
 Whose pois'nous whisper blasts the blush of youth,
 Where sick'ning want from *all*, its mis'ry hides,
 Where Falshood lurks beneath the veil of Truth.

Soft as the argent whiteness of the Morn
 Doth Love's gay smile the dazzling sight arrest,
 But soon by Reason's hand the mask is torn,
 And all the deep deception stands confest.—

Yet hold! *One* Star in Life's dark sky remains,
 Nor yet to me is all its bloom defac'd,
 For thou majestic, still while tumult reigns
 Smil'st in proud grandeur midst Creation's waste.

*SUMMER.**A PASTORAL.*

Fair Nature looks jocund, her features are gay,

And ripe are the Roses of Love,

The children of Summer blush wild on the spray,

And soft are the songs of the grove.

Sweet season ! that wings ev'ry moment with joy,

And gilds ev'ry cheek with a smile,

That chases the dark-brooding clouds from the sky,

And substitutes brightness the while.

I gaze with delight on thy features so bland,
Yet watch their expanse with a sigh,
For ah ! I remember that Winter's cold hand
Will doom all their graces to die.

Yet why should reflection's imbittering pow'r
The charms of the present impair,
And why should the bloom of the bright-passing hour
Grow pale at the frown of despair ?

The broad Sun that rises from Ocean's dark breast
To pour o'er the landscape his rays,
At the call of grey Evening retires to his rest,
And hides in her mantle his blaze.

Yet who would forego his all-glorious embrace
At the thought that those glories must sink,
Tho' the dull hand of Night will arrest his bright race.
Shall we scruple his noontide to drink ?

And view the soft tints of each dew-sprinkled flower
That scents the light wings of the gale,
We mourn that their beauties can last but an hour,
Yet fail not their musk to inhale.

Then hence ev'ry foe to my bosom's repose,
And welcome the breezes of Morn,
I'll gather with transport the Summer's fair rose,
Nor fear that it harbours a thorn.

The SEARCH after LOVE.

I read of the gay smile of Love,
I hear of its mischievous flame,
But vainly my fancy has strove
To believe in the fabulous name.

I question my infidel breast,
Yet spy not a trace of it there,
As *yet* every pulse is at rest,
Unknown to the throbbings of care.

I gaze on the warm-beaming light,
Of Beauty's all-conquering eye ;
I gaze,—but the frenzying sight
Ne'er wakes in my bosom a sigh.

I muse on the murdering smile
Of youth's deep and varying rose,
But vainly it strives to beguile,
Or ruin my reason's repose :

And vain are the efforts of wit
To make me experience a smart ;
My *brain* for a moment is smit,
But I find not a sting in my heart.

LINES

*Written on seeing a LARK ascending to a great height
one fine Morning in Summer.*

Bird of Morn ! now blithe ascending,
With the breeze thy wild-note blending ;
Bird ! I long with thee to wander,
High in air to gaze, and ponder.

Oh ! how sweet the blue sky roving,
All the charms of freedom proving !
Oh ! how sweet to break day's slumbers
With my gay rejoicing numbers !

Flutt'ring, wheeling, wildly bounding,
O'er the hills my song resounding,
All the ties of earth I'd sever
Wide with thee to roam for ever.

But should Mem'ry, faithless rover,
O'er the low world sometimes hover,
Should I catch her deeply musing
All the chequer'd past perusing,

She should cease her idle gazing;
Ev'ry thought of life erasing,
She should Hope's light pinion borrow,
And forsake a scene of sorrow.

*Bird of Morn ! now blithe ascending,
With the breeze thy wild note blending ;
Bird ! I long with thee to wander,
High in air to gaze and ponder.*

*The HINDOO LOVER's ADDRESS**To the EVENING BREEZE.*

Go, wanton Breeze, to Cashmere's wavey groves,
Whose wild, and tangled haunts, my fair one loves ;
There gaily kiss each soft voluptuous flow'r,
Then hasten to my Abra's secret bow'r.
But oh ! forget not, as thou fly'st along,
To steal the music of each warbler's song ;
Then seek the shades where weeping violets spring,
And bear their treasures on thy downy wing.
Nor yet forget the bright and musky rose
Whose modest face with vermeil tincture glows,

Flutt'ring around it tell thy tend'rest tale,
And win it from its mate the Nightingale*.
And now thy silken pinions wide expand,
For Abra's mantling bow'r is near at hand.
Oh ! when thou see'st the Maid my wishes seek,
With spicy whispers fan her damask cheek,
Pant in the ringlets of her ebon hair,
And court the laughing loves that frolic there ;
Breathe on those crimson lips whose honey'd store
The wretched Amurath must taste no more ;
Sport in the liquid heaven of her eye,
And o'er her neck of marble softly sigh ;
Then waft, oh ! waft the melody of song,
Let some sad cadence gently steal along,

* See Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden.

Bid the lone Night-bird all his griefs relate,
 And tell her that he sings of Am'rath's fate ;
 Tell her like me he mourns a faithless love,
 Like me his thoughts to vanish'd pleasures rove,
 Like me he shuns the Morn's ethereal dies,
 Like me to Evening's tender scene he flies.
 Go, lovely Messenger, *these* words repeat
 Ere this deserted heart has ceas'd to beat.

" From these deep shades, where slumb'ring silence
 reigns,

The victim of thy perfidy complains,
 Where are thy vows, perfidious, whither fled ?
 Think not to veil from Heav'n thy guilty head ;
 Those broken vows are register'd on high,
 Swift to the awful throne of God they fly,
 There in the inky page of Fate they dwell,
 There the dark catalogue of crimes they swell.

And hast thou then forgot that smiling hour
 When first this bosom own'd thy beauty's pow'r ?
 When as I gaz'd, a warm luxuriant glow
 Of thy soft cheek would tinge th' inflam'd snow ?
 How seem'd with love to move thy talking eye !
 How shiver'd thro' my frame thy smother'd sigh !
 Hope fondly whisper'd that thy heart was mine,
 And silence seem'd that rapture to refine.
 When summer sun-beams danc'd along the vale,
 And music trembled in each breathing gale,
 Oft would I rove where pines their shadow threw,
 Where tawny dates, and spicy citrons grew,
 There in the twilight of the curtain'd boughs,
 Where verdrous Nature kept a deep repose,
 There would burst forth my wild untutor'd lays,
 And laughing Echo warbled Abra's praise.

Say, did the Spring one od'rous bud disclose
 That Am'rath fail'd to gather for his Rose ?
 Did not th' anemony's resplendent hue,
 Did not the violet with eyes so blue,
 Did not the myrtle's sweet and blushing face
 With studious care thy flowing tresses grace ?
 When Winter chas'd the azure from the sky,
 And loud rebellious whirlwinds hurried by,
 Did not the costly aloe blaze around,
 And velvet carpets paint the chequer'd ground ?
 Thy tissued caftan shone with vivid dyes,
 And di'monds strove to emulate thine eyes.
 Oh ! hours of transport ! never to return !
 Oh lamp of bliss ! that ne'er again shall burn !
 This shipwreck'd heart has heard your parting knell,
 Long have I bade your melting charms farewell.

Light of these eyes, art thou for ever gone ?
Are all the dimpled smiles of pleasure flown ?
Then let the tempest rave, red lightning glare,
Let loose the haggard demons of despair ;
Fall, fall ye rains, ye'll cool this scorching breast,
And soothe a panting soul by grief oppress'd.
But hark ! I hear the battle's distant roar ;
Let me then haste and think of *thee* no more.
See, Honour calls, her laurel wreath she shakes,
And all my soul from passion's dream awakes.
False one, adieu ! to distant shores I fly,
To snatch a wreath of death—or victory."

ON HEARING THE SOUND OF MUSIC
At a DISTANCE.

When Music's sweet accents I hear in the breeze,
For awhile its soft language my fancy may please,
But soon on sad Memory's pinion are borne
Those *far* sweeter notes that can never return.

Tho' gay are the meads, and unclouded the skies,
Yet still all their charms, and their sweets I despise ;
I haste from the scene with fond Mem'ry to mourn
Those *far* brighter hours that must never return.

All nature awakens to mirth and delight,
Young Hope spreads her visions to dazzle the sight ;
Alas ! the delights that please *others* I spurn,
And image the joys that will never return.

When beauty and elegance court my applause,
My mind an invidious comparison draws ;
No sweetness or grace in *their* smiles I discern
When I think of those smiles that will never return.

When I view ev'ry eye beaming joy and content,
While with keen throbs of anguish *my* bosom is rent,
With mad'ning sensations I feel my heart burn,
And I sigh for that peace which can never return.

Cease Mem'ry thy torturing empire to hold,
Nor shew to my view those dear moments of gold,
Oh ! let me the page of forgetfulness learn,
And Joy and Contentment again may return.

STANZAS

*Supposed to have been written by MARY, Queen of Scots,
during her confinement.*

Now brightly smiles the cloudless sky,
And soft the gales of fragrance sigh ;
Summer puts on her golden robe,
To bless the gay rejoicing globe ;
And laughing buds of ev'ry dye,
Revel beneath her lustrous eye.

E'en *I* too catch her bounteous glance,
And feel *again* Hope's pulses dance ;

But quickly fades the mantling glow,
 And leaves me to the gloom of wee ;
 For not *my* wishes to supply
 Does Summer ope her lustrous eye.

O ! hither haste, thou nectar'd gale,
 Now flutt'ring through the distant vale !
 Ah no ! it *scorns* the prison-gloom ;
 And seeks the Woodland's bursting bloom ;
 'Tis not for *me* that breezes sigh,
 Or Summer opes her lustrous eye.

Still, still the hectic cheek shall burn,
 And ask in vain for health's return ;
 Whilst Mem'ry, foe to Mis'ry's child,
 On life's rich core shall riot wild.

Long have I bade farewell to Joy,
And Summer's full and lustrous eye.

Still o'er this mind surcharg'd with woe,
The fever'd gale of Thought shall blow ;
'Till death's cold hand shall chill its rage,
And cancel Mem'ry's blotted page ;
Then o'er the green-turf where I lie,
Summer may pour her lustrous eye.

ARABIAN SONG.

Ah ! bright is the blush on the cheek of the Morning,
Behold how its presence enlivens the sky,
But pale are *its* hues to the lustre adorning
The conquering glance of my Amoret's eye.

How soft are the gales o'er yon hill that are blowing !
Through plains of Arabia they scatter their spice ;
But faint are the sweets o'er the land that are flowing
Compar'd to the musk of my Amoret's voice.

And lovely the roses, in woodlands retiring,
That shed through the foliage their modest perfume,
Yet poor are *their* odours, and vain their aspiring
To rival the rose of my Amoret's bloom.

And *thou* blazing Sun ! with thy beauties so finish'd,
That o'er the blue heavens thy chariot dost roll,
Methinks that e'en *thy* glorious rays seem diminish'd,
Put out by the fires of my Amoret's Soul.

*At the SIGHT of a BEAUTIFUL but FRAIL
FAIR ONE.*

Ah ! lost one ! hide that tempting smile,
And turn away that thrilling eye ;
They only languish, to beguile,
They only dazzle to destroy.

How I could weep thy swimming gait
Thy loose luxuriousness of air,
And almost *curse* the hand of Fate
That painted thee so bright and fair.

Was it for *this* that Nature hung
 The rose of Summer on thy cheek,
 For *this* she all the glories flung,
 That in thy glance so gaily speak ;

For this she woke the nectar'd sigh
 That lives upon thy glowing lips,
 In whose voluptuous, rich supply
 The God of Joy his pinion dips ?

No, no ! She meant that angel-smile
 To sweetly soothe, and *chastely* bless ;
 She meant that eye-beam's witching wile
 To shine with *virtuous* tenderness.

Yes, she design'd its liquid fire

To light a pure and guiltless flame,

She meant it not to feed *desire*

Or beckon on to vice and shame.

And *once* thy lucent form *did* shew

Of Modesty the veiling grace,

And *once* the Noon of Love *did* glow

O'er all thy soft ingenuous face.

Methinks I image some fond Youth

Musing o'er all thy virgin charms,

And praying that thy stedfast truth,

May bless his proud protecting arms.

I hear him free th' imprison'd sigh,
 I view his deep effusive gaze,
 Mark in his cheek, the hectic dye
 That o'er its polish'd surface strays.

Now—on his steps the spoiler steals
 The rosy bands of Love to sever ;
 They snap—and Fate his sentence seals,
 His eyes are clos'd—Oh God ! for ever.

And *thou*—neglected,—wretched thing,
 Where dost thou hide *thy* guilty head ?
 Alas ! thou feel'st the scorpion's sting,
 Long has thy gay seducer fled.

Ah ! 'tis in vain thy grief to hide
 Beneath the garish veil of art ;
Through all the gilding coats of pride
 I see the wreck'd and canker'd heart.

Then lay aside each mad'ning spell,
 Each spell that 'wilders to betray,
Or soon will sound the hollow knell
 That calls th' affrighted soul away.

With *what* proud rapture should I greet
 The modest, warm, repenting tear !
For trust me, love ! 'twould look more meet
 Than all thy airs, and tinsel gear.

Could I but hail the lovely guest,
Might I its lustre once survey,
Oh ! I would take thee to my breast
In spight of *all* the world should say.

Yes ! I would lull thy woes to rest,
Would heal the heart by sorrow riv'n,
Would clasp thee to a Sister's breast,
And hope thy sins were all forgiv'n.

THE LAST ADIEU.

“ And Death with Nature’s noblest works at strife,
“ Quench’d the fair star that smil’d upon his life.

Now the hollow drum resounding,
Fired each valiant Soldier’s breast,
High the youthful spirits bounding,
Future hours in conquest drest.

Brightly beam’d the eye of Morning,
Gaily smil’d the face of Spring ;
Balmy sweets the sense delighted
Borne on Zephyr’s trembling wing.

Hark ! to the Cymbal's brazen clangour !

Hark to the Trumpet's shrill reply !

Each brave heart shakes off its languor,

Proudly the crimson banners fly.

Now a cadence softly warbles,

'Tis the Flute's melodious sound ;

Now the measure loudly swelling,

Flings its awful thunder round.

See ! the gallant band advances,

Glitt'ring sabres brandish'd high ;

Hope in ev'ry bosom dances,

Courage speaks in ev'ry eye.

But who is he that slowly follows ?

Mark the grief that fades his form !

In each wan feature passion struggles,

Passion's wild tumultuous storm.

View his glances quickly shifted,

View the mis'ry they express ;

Now to Heav'n his eyes are lifted,

Now cast down in mute distress.

To him are lost Hope's Siren-accent,

Harsh are those spirit-waking strains ;

On his lorn mind no morning opens,

There a night of sadness reigns.

But Honour's pow'rful voice prevailing,
Breaks the spell that Fancy wove ;
Tow'ring Fame at distance hailing,
Drowns the timid voice of Love.

Now his footsteps fondly linger,
Mark ! oh mark the soul-fraught gaze !
He views the fair departing lustre,
The last, last glimpse of beauty's rays.

So the lost wretch, whom Fate pursuing
Exiles from the light of day,
Once more the lovely landscape viewing,
Dwells on each charm, then hastes away.

Thus did *he* seek the beauteous vision,

And thus each well-known grace explore,

Catch the soft day-break of those glances

Whose brightness he must view no more.

Ah ! ne'er again on *him* they rested !

Those liquid suns have ceas'd to roll ;

Of all their sparkling pow'r divested,

No more they fire the raptur'd soul.

Pale is the cheek of polish'd texture,

Where once the rose of Summer smil'd ;

And those sweet lips where Love resided,

Are of their honey'd store beguil'd.

Cold is that breast, of Heav'n the dwelling,
Which once with noblest feelings glow'd,
No more with soft compassion swelling,
No more of Truth the pure abode.

Beneath the turf now pow'rless lying
Those limbs where Grace its magic spread ;
Of Death she tastes the leaden slumber,
While bleak winds whistle o'er her head.

The INCONSTANT.

You ask me, my heavenly Maid !
Why my fancy is *thus* prone to wander,
Why the vows that to *you* once were paid
Are now given alone to Cassandra.

Go question the gay-humming bee
Why from blossom to blossom it ranges ;
Go ask it why faithless like me,
With the swift passing moment it changes.

Or catch the light wings of the wind,
That make in the grove such a rumpas,
Go ask how they *dare* unconfin'd,
Blow from each diff'rent point of the compass.

YESTERDAY.

Oh magic word of wond'rous power,
Dread spoiler of the present hour !
Why dost thou chase the beam of joy,
Why wake the fond reflective sigh ?

Thou bane of bliss — Enchanting Yesterday !

When Spring leads forth her blushing train,
And flowrets gem the laughing plain,
Some bankrupt heart *will* pensive throb,
And of its charms the landscape rob,
To paint the faded sky of Yesterday.

Alas ! it cries, ' Can these compare
 With those dear hours unbrown'd by Care ;
 Can that gay Sun, whose fervid glow,
 But makes my pulses throb with woe,
 Vie with the beauteous Sun of Yesterday ?

When Hope's illusive smiles are o'er,
 And Peace withdraws her balmy store.
 How Fancy plies her busy loom,
 To beckon back the vanish'd bloom,
 That mantled on the cheek of Yesterday ?

When Lovers breathe the warm adieu,
 And quit the haunts where passion grew
 How Mem'ry *then* the past explores,
 And ev'ry touching grace adores
 That play'd around the brow of Yesterday !

And *my* lorn heart too feels thy pow'r,
The present sweets thou turn'st to sour;
E'en *I* review Time's ruffled stream,
And often catch a vivid gleam
That bids me weep the flight of Yesterday.

TO - MORROW.

“ Begone thou busy crouding sigh !
Begone the tear that dims mine eye,
Begone the fears that wildly throb’d,
And Spring’s fair smile of sweetness robb’d !
For peace and gladness dawn To-morrow.”

Such is the language Hope inspires,
To feed the Lover’s glowing fires ;
Such are the charming lies she tells,
Such are the notes she gaily swells,
To sound the praises of To-morrow.

When dire Misfortune's nipping wind
 Sweeps o'er the sad and shrinking mind ;
 Hope spreads her shield to ward the blow,
 And chasing ev'ry spright of woe,
 Whispers gay tidings of To-morrow.

Behold yon trembling hectic form,
 Bowing to Fate's relentless storm,
 'E'en while Death's angel hovers near,
 And ready waits th' expecting bier,
 Hope gilds with smiles the coming Morrow.

Oh thou ! that sleepest in the tomb
 How did we watch *thy* dying bloom !
 How did we trace thy setting Sun,
 Yet never dream its race was run !
 Hope cried 'twill rise *again* To-morrow.

And rise it *did* — in Heav'n's bright sky,
Its glorious blaze will never die,
And Hope, too, whispers in my breast,
(For Hope's soft whisp'rings seldom rest,)
That *I* shall view its rays To-morrow.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

Ye angry Winds on sweeping wing
That whistle on the snow-clad mountain,
Thou wizard pow'r whose iron wand
Locks up each wild and dancing fountain,
Again ye come with murd'rous haste ;
I hear ye on the bleak-heath raving ;
Again your icy fingers hide
The grass that o'er her tomb was waving.

At noon of Night, thou hollow gale !
How Fancy loves with thee to wander !
To seek the sad romantic spot,
And o'er the hallow'd dust to ponder !

Mute she surveys the humble sod
That wraps a form, how fondly cherish'd !
She hears the voice that Mem'ry loves,
She views the Rose so early perish'd.

Pure Tenant of the realms of light !
Dost thou e'er quit thy airy slumbers
To mark the sigh, the bitter tear,
The dreary hours affliction numbers :
The Hope that yet will faintly throb,
The trembling hope of joy to-morrow,
The swelling rage of passion's storm
The black and billowy clouds of sorrow ?

The fears that look to worlds unknown,
The glances back to days of pleasure,

When joy lit up the golden hours
And wishes danc'd to boundless measure,
Or far remov'd from darkling cares,
No longer toss'd on Life's wide ocean,
Has Memory her tablets broke
And blotted out each past emotion ?

Dost thou nor view the tearful eye,
Gazing sad on dim futurity,
Or mark the wretch whose joyless fate,
Rushes on to vast Eternity ?

Oh! I *will* think thou hov'rest near,
Still round thy mortal orbit treading,
To watch o'er those who feebly grope ;
Around thy Sainted influence spreading.

The VICTIM of SEDUCTION.

Loud howl'd the tempest of a winter's night,
 And dying lamps dispens'd a twinkling light ;
 No friendly star illum'd the vault of Heav'n,
 But o'er its face big clouds were wildly driv'n ;
 Mute silence reign'd in each deserted street,
 Save where the rushing blast or pelting sleet
 Was heard to whistle, or to rudely beat.

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'Twas then that on a flinty step reclin'd,
 To all the pow'r of wretchedness resign'd,
 Grief on her cheek, and famine in her eye,
 A child of Misery was seen to lie.

Rough blew the wind around her shiv'ring form,
Lost were her sighs amid the rattling storm;
Uncover'd was her bosom, once so fair,
Now the cold residence of dark despair.
Loose down her back her matted tresses lay,
Those lovely locks once deck'd in colours gay;
Damp were her temples with the dews of death,
And slowly drawn her thick and struggling breath.
Life's quiv'ring taper hastens to an end;
On Death she calls—to *her* a welcome friend.
I mark'd the closing of her stormy day,
I saw her ling'ring graces steal away,
Heard the last accents tremble on her lips,
While Nature sigh'd at beauty's dire eclipse.
Oh lovely rose! once fairer than the Morn,
Gay as the mead that Spring's green hands adorn;

Sweet as the western gale that gently flows,
 Kissing the budding fragrance as he goes ;
 Pure as the gems that deck the primrose-vale,
 Soft as the warbling of the nightingale !
 Awhile thy graces brightly glow, but soon
 The envious night comes o'er thy beauty's noon.
 Now low in earth those charms neglected lie
 That once so fir'd the world's admiring eye.

Where is thy lightning, Oh avenging Power !
 Whose piercing glance beheld that midnight hour,
 Who heard'st her fault'ring prayer, her parting sigh,
 Who saw life's mantling hues untimely fly !
 Why breathes the wretch that cropt this opening flow'r ?
 Why does the sun on him its radiance pour ?
 Why smiles his gay career of love and mirth
 While Mary's faded form lies low in earth ?

Fresh as the blush that tints the morning sky
 Did Mary's charms first catch his trait'rous eye ;
 Soon did he captive hold her willing soul,
 Soon o'er her breast the soft delirium stole ;
 How could she doubt his fond insidious smile ?
 How trace the doublings of each artful wile ?
 Ah ! could she dream *that* heart would truth disown
 That fondly swore to love, but her alone ?
 Oft in his eye the tear would seem to swell,
 Oft from his lips truth's modest accents fell ;
 Why did not frowning Heav'n with instant death
 Wither the lip, and close the treach'rous breath ?
 For this thy Fame's fair Sun was sunk in Night,
 For this thy virtues felt an early blight ;
 For this thou met'st the world's proud mockery,
 And bitter language of the taunting eye !

This robb'd thy polish'd cheek of Summer's bloom,
 And sunk thy youth's fair honours to the tomb;
 Blasted the promise of thy graceful form,
 And gave thy beauties to the midnight storm.
 But oh ! thou false-one ! justice will arrive ;
 O'er wreck of worlds thy treach'ry will survive ;
 See where it burns on Heav'n's wide chronicle,
 See where thy vows the flaming pages fill !
 Tho' Pleasure hail thee with her laughing eyes,
 Soon will thy crimes in direful judgment rise.
 E'en *now* when frolic joys thy steps attend,
 While sparkling energies their transports lend,
 Does not fell Conscience with its sting advance,
 And give the future to thy shudd'ring glance ?
 At dead of night thy Mary's form appears,
 Her thrilling voice thy startled fancy hears ;

Oft in the moon's pale gleam her spectre glides ;
Among the billowy clouds she swiftly rides ;
Majestic frowning midst the raving storm,
'Thou hear'st her voice, thou view'st her angel-form :
Soon shall life's idle visions fade away,
And on thy soul will burst the Judgment-day.

DREAMS of the MORNING.

Ye mantling hues that paint the changeful sky,
Ye opening flow'rs, of bright and varied die,
Thou wak'ning breeze whose light and silken wing
Wafts thro' the ambient air the musk of Spring,
Whose low-notes breathing softness and perfume
Pant thro' the windings of the forest-gloom ;
Oh ! let these sad-eyes drink your graces wild !
Be Mem'ry's sigh by Nature's power beguil'd ;
And let gay Fancy all her gifts bestow ;
Begone for *one* short hour the clouds of woe.

Yes ! She shall come upon her golden wing,
 And o'er my senses all her magic fling,
 Shall with her wand recal the bloom of joy,
 And chase the starting tear of agony.
 Steal o'er my soul, ye thoughts of other hours,
 Lead me, fair Hope, through all your living bow'rs :
 Till with sweet languor ev'ry sense opprest,
 I sink, unconscious, in eternal rest.—
 And now, e'en *now*, I feel your witching pow'r,
 Gone are the dark-mists of the present hour,
 E'en as the vapours on some mountain's side
 Whose murky shadows all the landscape hide,
 When Night's inshrouding curtains fade away,
 Melt and disperse before the beam of day.

What sounds are those that trembling in the wind
 Flash such delight athwart my darken'd mind ?

Oh ! *well* I know thee, wild, enchanting strain !
 Return sweet notes and bless mine ear again.
 Fly, lovely cadence, through the woodlands fly,
 And wrap my soul in dreams of melody.
 Yes ! 'tis the smiling song of other days,
 Wild o'er the breezy hill its sweetness strays,
 It speaks of blessings lost, of moments dear,
 And weeping Mem'ry lends her wond'ring ear.—
 Oh ! the fair hand that *once* awoke the song,
 Chaining in rapture mute the list'ning throng !
 Oh grace of form ! Oh Virtue's bloomy dress !
 Oh, all that waits upon the steps of loveliness !
 Fair beam ! whose dawning glories sunk so soon !
 Swift roll'd the dark cloud o'er thy blazing Noon :
 By Fate's rude wing the angry blast was hurl'd,
 Fled was the beam to light a purer world !

But Fancy's hand shall each lost charm survey,

(Ye envious clouds of fate,—away—away—)

Fancy shall make the lamp of Love to burn,

Shall bid the smile of yesterday return.

Creative pow'r ! whose soft persuasive tongue

Tells of the dawn of Hope, when Joy was young,

When rapture trembled in the tearless eye,

And *tenderness* alone awoke the sigh.

Oh, ye bright orbs ! the heralds of her soul,

Whose sparkling warmth on *me* no more must roll,

For whom these eyes o'er all creation stray,

But vainly seek to catch *one* kindling ray !

What tho' Death's Angel spreads his sable wings,

And o'er your dazzling day his darkness flings,

What tho', for ever veil'd from mortal sight,

Quench'd are your liquid fires in endless night,

Yet Fancy's piercing glance dispels the gloom,
And bursts the icy fetters of the tomb :
Once more to friendship's arms the maid is giv'n,
Once more I gaze upon the bloom of Heav'n.
Still let me gaze upon that mantling cheek,
Still in those eyes their wonted sweetness seek !
Oh ! let that voice still warble o'er the heath,
That voice far softer than the Zephyr's breath ;
Still o'er the mountains let us gaily rove,
Still wildly wander through the tangled grove.
But ah ! what sad realities arise ?
Fast from my gaze the painted vapour flies ;
Still in this heart I wear grief's rankling thorn,
For lost and vanish'd are the dreams of Morn.

*The DISCARDED LOVER**To his RIVAL.*

And dost thou think those smiling eyes
Have warmly glow'd on *thee* alone ?
And canst thou think her fainting sighs
To no fond ear but *thine* have flown ?

Thou frantic fool ! thy vaunts give give over,
Wake from thy deep, and madden'd dream,
And know on *many* a cheated lover
Those witching orbs are wont to beam.

Oh ! could I paint the wishes gay,
The hopes that all my reason stole,
When their voluptuous thrilling day
First dawn'd upon *my* wond'ring soul !

How she would fain the look of passion
In every bright effusive glance !
And how her changeful features fashion
To suit of love the wild romance !

And she would smile—*so blandly* smile,
That Fancy own'd the spell divine ;
And she would so my sense beguile,
That false Hope whisper'd she was mine.

Then turn thee from her murd'ring eye,
Ah ! cheated wretch ! no more believe her ;
Think that she dooms thy peace to die—
Ah trust no more the gay deceiver.

MORNING WALK.

One morn in the soft month of May
To the forest my steps I pursu'd ;
Wild blossoms hung light on the spray,
With pleasure their blushes I view'd.

Sweet buds of the woodland, I cried,
Sweet offspring of Nature's repose,
Ah ! why your gay charms do ye hide
Where the bright beam of Spring never glows ?

Why, why were ye destin'd to bloom
In the dark-curtain'd haunts of the grove ;
Why waste your nectareous perfume
Where none but the breezes e'er rove ?

Oh ! let then my fostering hand
To the garden your beauties transplant,
There, there will your graces expand,
And each raptur'd gazer enchant.

Borne swift on the wings of the gale
Methought that a voice thus reply'd—
“ Who tempts us to quit the cool vale,
For the withering hot-bed of pride ?

Who tempts us the shade to forego
For the gay banks where sun-beams shall dart,
Where the blessings from Nature that flow
Are exchange'd for the lux'ry of Art?

We allow that the sun-shine is fair,
We allow that its region is bright,
But ah ! 'twould our graces ensnare,
Too soon our gay youth would it blight.

For awhile our all-nectarine breath
Would embalm thy dear Mistress's bow'r,
But soon should we wither in death,
Th' expanse and perfume of an hour."

And such is the fate, I exclaim'd,
Of the beauteous, the young, and the gay;
And thus are the dangers, misnam'd,
Of fashion's omnipotent sway.

And thus are the blushes of art
Put on by the conquering Maid;
So does *she* her fragrance impart,
And *thus* does she wither and fade.

Oh ! perish the mischievous hand
That transplants the fair rose from the shade ;
That forces its leaves to expand,
Then dooms the brief graces to fade.

Sweet emblems of beauty ! bloom on !

Nor fear ye I mean to destroy ;

For ah ! when Security's gone,

Farewell to the true smiles of Joy.

The BLIND LOVER to his MISTRESS.

Ah ! let me hear *again* that mellow strain,
That dulcet trill, whose soft and lucid sweep
Steals o'er my trembling soul like gale of Eve,
That o'er the world of waters steals its wing,
Wakening the sea-wave. Thus let thy sweet song
Wake the now slumb'ring waves of pausing thought,
And through my secret heart pour the rich tide
Of Mem'ry's flood. Let the fair shades arise
Of buried hours ; let ev'ry witching charm
That Fancy weaves, hang on thy quiv'ring note,
And speak of raptures past, and yet to come.
What tho' to me are veil'd the living Morn,
And gay luxuriance of Woodland bloom ;

Tho' Spring steps forth to wander o'er the wild,
 Yet passes *me* without one sunny smile ;
 Tho' moon, nor stars, nor all the beamy train
 That gem the blue serene, ere hang their lamps
 To bless these rayless orbs—yet *am* I bless'd
 Beyond *their* power of blessing.—Muse my heart
 O'er all thy treasures ! Oh with a miser's care
 Brood o'er the rich amount ! Weep tears of joy
 To think thou'rt Monarch o'er a World of Love.
 Yes, she is mine ! She chose me from the throng,
Me whom the frown of Fate forbade to drink
 The rapture-swimming light of beauty's glance,
 Forbade to pour the deep and lengthen'd gaze
 Of tenderness—forbade to fondly dwell
 On ev'ry gentle waving line of grace
 That marks that angel-form.—The seraph smile,
 The warm, and mantling tinge ; the sunny locks

That break in wild profusion o'er the brow
 Throwing their soften'd shade—to me are lost.

I only hear thou'rt fair—from others hear
 Of all the bright perfections of thy face.

Yet can I *inward* look, and view thee there
 Glowing in all the beamy charms of Mind.

There will I gaze—there dwell in witching trance
 On all thy truth, and singleness of heart.

Ah ! lead me, dear One ! to the craggy steep,
 For now the sea-gale hurries o'er its brow.

On freshning wing ; and o'er the upland scene
 Steals the soft veil of Eve.—Let airs of Heav'n

Bathe my faint form—And thou Beloved

Give to my soul again the light of song.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Where wanders the beautiful Maid of my soul ?
Where lingers the fair one with tresses of jet ?
Behold o'er the vale how the grey-shadows roll,
Behind yon dark cliff the last sun-beam has set.

The star of the Evening in brightness ascends,
And sweet is the breath of the wild-warbling grove,
With the Night-bird the stream its low muttering blends,
And each passing breeze seems to whisper of love.

Ah ! where is the fire of my Selima's glance,
The bright flame that plays round my fluttering heart !
Where, where on thy cheek are the warm smiles that dance,
The smiles and the blushes that rapture impart.

Long, long have I watch'd for the fading of day,
And oft have I gaz'd o'er the wide-spreading plain,
With sorrowing eye the still scene I survey,
For ah ! she appears not !—I linger in vain.

*A PERSIAN**ODE OF THE MORNING.*

Deepen thy blush, oh Rose of Spring !

His richest musk let Zephyr fling ;

And thro' the green voluptuous grove

Tremble the melting notes of Love.

Her softest smile let Morning wear,

Tell the gay Nymph to seem *more* fair ;

And prithee mix the brightest dyes

With azure of Arabian skies.

Thou loit'ring Sun thy race begin,

Sail through yon vault of Ether thin,

Ere those sweet eyes shall ope their rays,
And far eclipse thy lesser blaze.
E'en *now* their fringed lids uncloze,
And all my frame with passion glows—
I gaze upon their liquid light,
And Paradise appears in sight.
But ah ! again their charms are veil'd,
Again they close—ere scarcely hail'd !
Again she sleeps, and visions bright,
Give way to all the gloom of Night.
And canst thou sleep, while passion wakes,
While Zephyr e'en his cave forsakes ?
See ! how his light wings gaily ply
As wild he wanders thro' the sky !
See how he searches ev'ry bow'r,
And kisses ev'ry laughing flow'r !

Narcissus lifts the languid head
And myrtle blooms a deeper red ;
E'en vi'lets ope the purple eye,
And pay with sweets his panting sigh,
But oh ! *my* Rose my presence flies,
And pays with *scorn* my trembling sighs,
She turns to court the God of Sleep,
And leaves her Selin's eyes to weep.

The WANDERER's RETURN.

Now died the Night-breeze on the winding shore,
And Folly's babbling voice was heard no more;
Calm was the hour, all Nature seem'd to sleep,
And silence listen'd on the placid deep :
Save that at times a soft melodious strain
Now wildly swell'd,—now gently sunk again ;
In rich vibrations, eloquently clear,
The melting cadence stole upon the ear.

One lonely Wand'rer heard the plaintive song
As quick she pass'd with frantic steps along,

She started, stopp'd, then wildly waved her hand,
And these sad words were borne along the strand.
“ Sweet sounds ! again ye tremble on my Soul,
And bid impetuous tides of passion roll !
Ah ! not as once I greet ye, dulcet notes !
In vain to me your soft enchantment floats ;
In vain the eye of Morn its brightness lends,
In vain the Eve its frolic Zephyr lends ;
For me, whom Fate of ev'ry joy beguiles,
No music warbles, and no beauty smiles.
Oh ! scenes of grandeur, Nature's proudest boast,
Dear well-known features of fair Devon's coast !
Still do your mantling graces charm the eye,
Still do your swelling gales with fragrance sigh,
Rise still your awful cliffs whose rugged sides
Mock the vain fury of the dashing tides ;

While day's gay Sov'reign ere he takes his flight,
 Darts o'er their brows a stream of orange light.
 Swift do the silv'ry sails at distance dance,
 On the clear bosom of the blue expanse,
 And still the hov'ring sea-gull perch'd on high
 Gives to the wanton Gale its mournful cry.
 Ah thus it was that beauty's smiling ray
 Spread its fair lustre o'er the face of day,
 When rich in youth, and Hope's exhaustless store
 These eyes first hail'd thee, dear romantic shore.
 Oh golden moments ! let my mind retrace
 The soft expansion of each blooming grace !
 Smile lovely friendship on my raptur'd soul !
 Still suns of happiness serenely roll !
 Visions of brightness glad my eager eyes,
 Dear well known vanished forms, arise—arise !

But no — it must not be — soon Reason starts,
 And Fancy's fond illusive dream departs ;
 Far distant are the beauteous shadows flown,
 Wildly I gaze, and find myself alone—
 Alone ! oh word of horror ! chilling sound !
 That quickly spreads Fate's blackest shades around.
 That furnishes Reflection's bitter food,
 And bids me view the mind's drear Solitude,
 Tells me that Joy's warm suns have pass'd away,
 That Love has shot his last expiring ray.
 Yes, its soft orb has sunk, quench'd is its light,
 In the dark chaos of eternal night.
 Friendless I roam, no smiles my presence greet,
 No voice I hear; no kindling glance I meet.
 Oh vanish'd smiles that mad'ning thought recalls !
 Heart-thrilling voice on Mem'ry's ear that falls !

Beloved eyes, swift messengers of mind
That once so sweetly beam'd on all Mankind
Where are ye fled ? alas, your light has fail'd,
Death's shadowy wing your lustrous morn has veil'd ;
Mute is the voice, and cold the rosy lips,
And I am left to view the dark eclipse.
Why dost thou mock me then enchanted ground,
Why bloom the sweets of Fairy-land around ?
Such scenes may please the happy and the gay,
But can their charms illume *my* cloudy day ?
Ah no ! nor groves, nor laughing flow'rs suffice,
Nor sounds melodious nor resplendent skies ;
Each object speaks of bliss that would not last,
Each seems the faithful mirror of the past.
Let me then fly the haunts where sun-beams play,
Where music's notes along the vale decay,

To trackless wilds far distant let me haste,
And roam a Wand'rer on the World's wide waste.

The SAILOR.—SONG.

Can I forget the look she gave,
When Passion seal'd the parting token ?
Her lily hand she thrice did wave,
But ne'er the faintest word was spoken.

Can I forget that chasten'd smile
Which veil'd a heart o'ercharg'd with sorrow,
Yet *my* wild anguish to beguile,
E'en Joy's fair semblance try'd to borrow.

Can I forget the trembling tear
That seem'd to say we part for ever ;
And plainly told the hidden fear
That Fate the bands of Love would sever ?

Oh ! nectar'd lip ! that once was mine,
 Sweet form that haunts my fev'rish slumbers ;
 Dear face that mem'ry owns divine,
 E'en all the charms my fancy numbers !

At length I view'd my native shore ;
 How wildly *then* my gay heart bounded !
 I flew to meet my love once more ;
 Her name thro' ev'ry grove resounded.

Her *name*—alas ! 'twas all remain'd,
 'Twas all the envious Fates had left me !
 No more by darkling woes detain'd,
 She fled—and oh ! of peace bereft me.

GLANCES BACK.

Now, while the voice of Folly sleeps,
While Fancy's wings are gaily plying,
And o'er the plains and shadowy steeps
The gales of Night are wildly sighing ;

While o'er the waters of the deep
The trembling eye of Night reposes,
And dews of freshness love to steep
The bloomy leaves of infant roses ;

Now will I muse o'er life's dull page,
And smile at ev'ry past delusion ;

Now gaze upon my youth's first stage,
With wond'ring eyes and deep confusion.

How worthless seem the gaudy dreams
That play'd around my fever'd slumbers !
How dim the star of Hope, whose beams
Would flash athwart my joyous numbers !

Yet no ! *not* dim—its lucid rays
Still triumph o'er the mists of sorrow ;
They leave *these* transitory days
And rest upon a distant Morrow.

I view their vivid glorious light
Thro' all the wide Horizon streaming,
Now, on my fix'd and raptur'd sight
A gay futurity is gleaming.

Behold yon waves that frantic roll,
Hark to the raving winds of ocean !

'Twas thus that o'er *my* subject soul
The passions rag'd in dread commotion.

But now the fearful storm is hush'd,
The gales of Spring once more are waking,
Again my soul with joy is flush'd,
The gloomy shades of thought forsaking.

Shine o'er my path, thou beamy light,
Sweet Hope ! the wilds of Life adorning ;
O lead me from the mists of Night
To all the blaze and bloom of Morning.

The FORSAKEN HUSBAND.

Yes, she is fled ! for ever fled !

(Ye throbs of madness spare my brain)

Nor shoot thro' this confused head

The burning messengers of pain !

Yes, she is fled ! Oh word of woe—

Oh word that dooms my *soul* to die !

Quickens the sharp and deadly throe,

And wakes the wild and fruitless sigh.

How she would gaze and sweetly smile !

And fondly vow to leave me never !

How she would spread each cunning wile

To make my heart her own for ever !

" Oh ! " she would cry, " let others wish
 For glitt'ring sceptres and a throne ;
 Such gaudy wishes I dismiss
 To reign in thy dear heart alone.

Let others to the circle fly,
 And flaunt it in the midnight glare ;
 My world of light's that lucid eye,
 I read my proudest triumph there."

And *could* such softness veil deceit ?
 And could she wrong so true a lover ?
 And could the smile that beam'd so sweet,
 Be but a false and faithless rover ?

Where wilt thou meet so fond a breast ;
Where rule with such despotic pow'r ;
Who now will lull thy cares to rest,
And gently watch thy slumb'ring hour ?

God ! how I lov'd thy mad'ning form,
And drank thy gay seducing talk ;
How did I brave misfortune's storm,
With *thee*, thou Wretch ! thro' life to walk !

Enough ! Oh Mem'ry spare the rest !
Tell me no more of joys how fleeting ;
Oh ! let this void delirious breast
For *ever, ever* cease its beating.

HOPE's INVITATION.

The shades of the Night are now fading away,
And Morn in her balmy effulgence is seen ;
The lark pours his cadence to welcome the day,
And the pipe of the Shepherd steals soft o'er the green.
What voice do I hear so harmoniously sweet !
Through the woodlands its melody bursts on my ear,
Rosy health on the mountain it tells me to greet,
And loudly proclaims 'tis the prime of the year.

“ Why musest thou here lonely wand'rer”, it cries,
“ While Pleasure's soft warblings call thee away,
While the roses of Morning are feasting thine eyes,
And thou see'st the bright smile of the Monarch of
day ?

For thee the gay breeze of the Summer awakes
 For thee are disclos'd the fair tints of the sky,
 Each beauty of Nature with eloquence speaks,
 And tells thee that Youth is the season for joy.

With the happy then mingle, like others be gay,
 Nor thus all in silence and solitude mourn ;
 Oh ! haste from this gloom to the radiance of day,
 And enjoy the bright moments that ne'er can return.
 See ! Phœbus ascending his glory reveals,
 On the green-wave gay dances his glittering ray ;
 And hark ! how the merry bells ring out their peals !
 Why ling'rest thou here ? Come away, come away !"

Begone thou false Sirén ! thou charm'st me no more,
 In vain thy soft accents to me are address'd ;
 Thou canst not the peace of this bosom restore,
 Nor lull the dark storms of misfortune to rest.

Too long have thy visions deluded my sight,
Too long have thy flatteries poison'd mine ear ;
But fled is each sun-beam of transient delight,
And now all thy arts and thy falshoods appear.

When life's glowing landscape first smil'd on my view,
And each throb of this heart beat to joy's lively strain,
When Content o'er my path her mild drapery threw,
And unfelt was the turbulent empire of pain ;
Then gladly my mind thy sweet nectar receiv'd,
And careless I wander'd on Fancy's light wing,
Too fondly was each blooming fiction believ'd,
Which told me that Life would be always a Spring.

Still, still the wide prospect all lovely appear'd,
The flow'rs were unfaded, the skies were serene,
And still the gay structure of Fancy I rear'd,
Still, still in bright colours the Future was seen.

Ah ! treacherous calm that so soon was to cease !
 Wild phantoms ! vain thoughts that laid reason asleep !
 Full short was the sun-shine and transient the peace,
 And *thou* too, Enchantress ! soon left me to weep.

Then seek not deceiver to tempt me anew,
 Or to dupe the sad heart thou already hast wreck'd ;
 Not for me does the Spring its soft violets strew,
 Not for me are the woodlands with verdure bedeck'd.
 The smiles of the morning I welcome no more,
 For gone is the season when beauty could please ;
 In vain may the warblers their melody pour,
 And unfelt is the breath of the wantoning breeze.

And thou too bright Orb ! what hast *thou* to bestow ?
 Canst thou give to my eyes the lov'd forms they have lost ?
 Can thy radiance disperse the thick low'rings of woe,
 Can it thaw the stern rigour of Fate's bitter frost ?

And Youth too, that oft boasted period of joy ;
 When life's mantling current mounts high in each vein ;
 What, alas ! can *its* lively emotions supply
 When all those emotions are waken'd by pain ?

Oh ! shades of the past, that successively rise !
 Pale spectres of joys that for ever are fled !
 At whose mournful presence gay happiness dies,
 My footsteps who follow wherever I tread !
 'Tis ye that my soul of all rapture beguile,
 Ye fade the luxuriance of Summer's soft bloom,
 Ye dim the fair lustre of Morn's sunny smile,
 And from the gay throng call my mind to the Tomb.

When day's golden lamp has descended to rest,
 And is lord of the wild-blushing landscape no more ;
 When the veil of the Evening steals slow o'er the West,
 And the Night-breeze, awaking, blows fresh on the shore ;

'Tis then that I wander to welcome its sighs,
 And to muse o'er the slumber of Nature's soft charms ;
 More lovely this twilight than Noon's vivid dies ;
 How soothing the silence no tumult alarms !

But what are those accents I hear in the breeze ?
 And what is that pale-form which weeping I view ?
 Where now is the pow'r of each beauty to please ;
 Where now the repose which my sad bosom knew ?
 Wherever I gaze the dear features appear,
 In the world's busy haunts or the dark lonely grove ;
 When the sighs of the low-breeze of Evening I hear,
 I hear too the sweet-warbling notes of my love.

Fly, fly then Rememb'rance where happiness reigns,
 Oh ! visit some sky more unclouded than mine,
 Reside in the breast where no canker remains,
 Where the broad-beams of pleasure unceasingly shine,

So shall thy approach be with rapture beheld,
And there may'st thou spread thy gay page to the sight,
And I taste those blessings thy presence withheld,
While Hope's dear illusions still, still may delight,

Sonnets.

SONNET I.

To the EVENING GALE.

I love thee, wanton Wind ! I love thy wing
To gently winnow my recumbent form,
As on the moss-grown steep my length I fling,
And listen to the billows mutt'ring storm.

Then do I think me of those lovesome hours
When Hope had first unfurl'd her golden sail,
When 'midst the shade of world-secluded bow'rs,
I felt thy nectar'd breath,—thou balmy Gale.

Yes ! it was sweet, 'twas “ passing ” sweet, to hear
The wand'ring cadence of thy trembling tongue,

For ah ! a voice, to sad remembrance dear,
Oft its low sweetness on thy pinion hung.
Pour then, oh breeze ! thy soft and charming trill,
And I will *think* I catch its sweetness still,

1801.

SONNET II.

To the *MORNING STAR.*

Hail lovely loiterer that greet'st my eyes,
 Thou sweet precursor of the merry morn,
 At sight of whom she trips along the skies,
 Waking the orient children of the dawn.
 Oh ! let me catch thy lustre ere it fly !
 Still pour upon the sleeping world thy glance,
 While rapt in fancy's sweet illusive trance
 This wayward bosom shall forget to sigh.
 Oft thou remindest me of Hope's fair light
 Whose gay beams danc'd around my youthful heart
 And when Joy's *prouder* splendours took their flight
 Linger'd behind unwilling to depart.
 But *not* like thee—to Night it yielded place,
 Nor was succeeded by *one* smiling grace.

SONNET III.

When grey Eve steals along the Western sky,
Musing I climb the headland's craggy steep ;
Gaze on the bosom of the tranquil deep,
And watch the white clouds that beneath me fly.
Or when the pale-moon's cold and pensive ray
Breaks softly o'er the dusky brow of night ;
I love to view her dancing chequer'd light,
O'er the wide world of waters sweetly stray.
Then comes the memory of other hours,
When on a scene like this I've paused—the while,
Friendship would cheer me with her beamy smile,
And young-eyed Fancy cull her wildest flow'rs.
Oh ! that as flies, the dew-drop from each blade,
Life's mantling spring-tide from the soul should fade !

SONNET, IV.

To the *BANKS* of the *EX*.

Oft does my heart recal each bloomy grace,
 That clothes thy woodland-wilds enchanting scene ;
 And oft does musing thought delighted trace,
 Each lovely feature of thy vallies green.
 Ah ! myrtle shades ! where late I wont to stray,
 And meet soft interchange of friendship's glance ;
 Ah wavey hills ! whose tops of sombre grey,
 First woke the bounding throb of young Romance.
How I have ponder'd o'er your mantling charms !
 And worn ye in my heart for many a year !
 How has my fancy woo'd ye to her arms,
 And brought your well-remember'd beauties near !
 And still—oh still be Mem'ry's proudest boast,
 The golden hours I *lived* on Devon's coast.

The OUTCAST.

When sun-beams bid the world adieu,
And ev'ning gales their flight pursue,
Slow o'er the heath I wind my way,
To muse upon the golden day,
Of hopes for ever flown.

The infant smiles of blushing May,
The buds that carol on the spray,
Can boast no charms to Sorrow's child ;
For Fancy weaves her visions wild,
And sings of vanish'd hours.

Then does her bold advent'rous hand,
(Ne'er under Reason's sage command)
Lift the mysterious awful veil,
That hides the dark and blotted tale,
Of moments yet to come.

Now does she guide my wand'ring eye,
O'er Time's perplex'd and wat'ry sky,
Spreads to my glance the features dark ;
E'en *all* the dusky tints that mark
The tissue of my fate.

Oft have I listen'd to the theme
That speaks of youth's enchanting dream,
Oft have I smil'd to hear its praise :
For *I* shall never feel the rays
That wait upon its morn.

Where are the joys, the mantling joys,
The dimpled loves with laughing eyes,
The hopes that soar on airy wing,
And o'er the scene rich magic fling,
Stealing the tints of truth !

When Night's dull wing with shadowy sweep
In darkness veils the world of sleep,
Or when the moon's affrighted eye
Peeps through the wild embattl'd sky,
Silv'ring the rough cloud's edge ;

'Tis then I face the piercing wind,
What shelter can an outcast find ?
'Tis then that midst the whistling blast,
The while the beating rain falls fast,
I tread my weary way.

How oft when journeying o'er the plain,
 My sad heart torn by grief and pain,
 While o'er my cheek the cold-gale blows,
 (That cheek whence Care has chas'd the rose
 That once so gaily bloom'd.)

Around I throw my eager gaze,
 And view the ghosts of other days.
 Hurrying on the North's bleak wing
 They come, they come! I hear them sing
 Sad strains that Mem'ry loves.

Blest shades of all I once ador'd!
 Of all I've worship'd and deplor'd!
 Ye whom the hand of death laid low!
 Dooming this heart to feel a blow
 Greater than wreck of worlds.

As some fair trees whose branching shade,
 Shelters the wild-flow'r of the glade,
 So did *ye* skreen my helpless head,
 So did your arms their shelter spread
 To shield my youth from ill.

But lo ! the angry tempest came,
 And fiercely rag'd the light'ning's flame ;
 Soon were my lovely trees laid low
And I was doom'd to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds.

Behold ! they beckon from the hill,
 They ask where *here* I linger still—
 I come—the storm will soon be past—
 My weary sun is setting fast—
 And then—we meet once more.

THINGS AS THEY SEEM.

“ Airy dreams
Sat for the picture, and the Poet's hand
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.”

When life's fair morn first open'd to my view,
With smiling confidence I gaz'd around ;
For Hope her mantle o'er my senses threw,
And ev'ry throbbing pulse would gaily bound.

How gladly did I hail the lucid glance,
And hear with strong belief the duping sigh !
How fondly trace each feeling's soft expanse,
That seem'd to wear the guise of sympathy !

Unthinking Wight ! and could thy trusting heart
Believe that *Man* is always what he seems ?
Too late thou feel'st the keen and barbed dart
And trust'st no more the glare of fancy's dreams.

At length Conviction's clear and steady ray
Dispels the mists that clouded Reason's eye,
At length a luminous, a mental day,
Dawn's on thy easy, weak credulity.

Oh ! may it *ever* dawn ! may deep deceit
Ne'er hide its guilt in smiling friendship's dress ;
Oh ! may it ne'er assume a form so sweet,
But stand confess'd in all its nakedness !

So shall my soul enjoy a long repose
And ev'ry throbbing nerve shall idly rest.
So shall I taste the calm from peace that flows,
Nor wear a *Serpent* in my simple breast.

1804.

The MURDERER.

Hark ! to the muttering blast of Night
That sweeps o'er the heath its ruffling wing ;
Now does it rush o'er the dark-cliff's height
And now in the ruins loudly sing.

And did I not hear a fiend-like scream
Mingling its grief with the raving storm ?
And does not the lightning's zig-zag gleam
Give to my eye-sight a ghostly form ?

Yes ! yes ! 'tis the wailing voice of woe
That pours its dirge to the midnight gloom ;
Yes ! yes ! 'tis a spirit shall howling go
'Till the judgment day shall seal its doom.

Oh ! 'tis the Murderer Jasper's shade
Whose pale-corse hangs on the heath hard by,
There does it wither and there does it fade,
And nightly swing to the cold-gale's sigh.

Long has his gibbet creak'd to the blast,
And long has his dark-ghost wander'd near,
And oft has the traveller journeying past
Shrunk at the sight appall'd by fear.

And *well* may he shrink—for round the heath
Fell demons dance to the cold-moon's light,
And oft does the pale, pale form of Death
Ride by on the dusky cloud of Night.

*MESRI and DELILAH.**A PERSIAN TALE.*

The fable of the following little tale is taken from an ingenious and justly admired Author*.

Ye blooming Maids who sport in Persian groves,
 In those sweet haunts where trembling Zephyr roves,
 In those sweet haunts where Spring's lone bird retires
 And thro' the leafy skreen his Rose admires,
 There where amidst the luxury of sense,
 He sinks inert, and drunk with fragrance,
 While thro' the air his dying numbers flow,
 Melting the soul to tears of softest woe.—
 If *his* wild notes can wake the quiv'ring sigh,
 If his sad plaints can swell the tearful eye,

* Mr. D'Israeli.

Ah ! listen to a tale of deeper woe—

Let your fair breasts a softer sigh bestow ;

Let your dark eyes no more in gladness rove,

But learn the fate of fond and hapless love.

In these fair groves where now *ye* careless stray

And pluck each gay-flow'r of the laughing day,

In these fair groves where *Peries** love to dwell,

Where fruits of brightest hues inviting swell,

Where peeps the Gazel's mild and fearful eye

And idly sports the azure Butterfly,

Here did Love's torch first burn in *Mesri's* heart,

Here Beauty's glances urg'd the winged dart ;

Sure was its aim—he breath'd a yielding sigh,

And conquest revell'd in *Delilah's* eye.

* Spirits of the Persians. See Major Ouseley's Persian
Miscellanies.

Now deeper bloom'd her cheeks voluptuous rose,
 A gale more musky did her lips disclose,
 In softer murmurs would her accents break,
 And prouder transports did her looks bespeak.
 What fond emotions throb'd in Mesri's breast—
 How vainly love's wild whisp'rings were repress'd ;
 Its tangled web was wove with fingers nice,
 Its eloquence to *Silence* gave a voice.—
 Sweet pair ! who felt not Art's despoiling hand !
 In ye Truth's buds were suffer'd to expand,
 Your speaking eyes all artless and serene
 Beam'd the pure heralds of the mind within.
 The Mind whose compass ne'er to Vice was driv'n,
 Whose spotless page might meet the gaze of Heav'n.
 Already now the gay Pavilion flames,
 And Hymen's voice the Maid's protraction shames,

With songs of praise the shores of Schiraz rung,
 Delilah's charms the choir of Schiraz sung.
 See ! how the light bark skims along the deep !
 Tumult is hush'd,—the angry billows sleep,
 The timbrel sounds,—hark ! to the Minstrel's hand,
 See how the dancers bound along the strand !
 Behold how Zephyr fans the laughing wave
 The painted bark he bids it gently lave ;
 And view the graces of the lovely bride !
 * The veil of crimson seeks her blush to hide,
 The crimson veil that tells the hour of joy,
 And intimates of love the mantling die.
 But why so sudden stops the joyous strain ?
 Why do the dancers *thus* their steps restrain ?

• The bridal veil of the Persian Ladies is composed of crimson silk.

Ah, see ! a deadly whirlpool circles round,
 In dazzling wheels the flashing surges bound—
 Alas ! their eddying rage the vessel staves,—
 Delilah floats upon the greedy waves,
 Delilah floats—and Mesri turns from land,
 Tho' friendship stretches forth the saviour hand.
 “ Learn not the tale of constancy, he cries,
 From *him* who in distress his Mistress flies,
 “ Leave *me* to buffet with the foaming wave,
 But oh ! my Rose, my lov'd Delilah save !”
 Ah ! no, he meets her in the boiling deep,
 He spreads his arms and shares her leaden sleep.
 One languid smile around her pale cheek strays,
 One farewell gleam beneath her eye-lid plays—
 And now to meet the frown of Death they sink,
 One grave they find, one briny wave they drink.

SONG.

When the fair Morning
Nature adorning,
Chases the shadows of Night from the sky ;
Oh what a pleasure
Fondly to treasure
All the rich graces that burst from her eye.

Thus should the roses,
Fortune discloses,
Wisely be gather'd ere Youth fades away ;
Timely remember
Gloomy December,
Treads on the frolicsome footsteps of May.

The EXILE.

Uprais'd the Sun his golden head,
And calmly smil'd the summer sea,
Loose to the breeze the sails were spread,
And soon the bark was under weigh.

Then many a gallant youth was seen
To watch the land now fast receding,
And many a love-lorn heart, I ween,
In ev'ry vein was sorely bleeding.

The humid glance, the look of woe,
The lab'ring breath, the pent-up sigh,
All, all declar'd the fatal blow,
That doom'd the Lover's soul to die.

One pale dejected form appear'd
To rival all the rest in sadness ;
By with'ring grief his heart was scar'd,
His scatter'd senses verg'd on madness.

Others may *meet* again the ray,
The smiling ray of prosp'rous love,
But *he* had felt its pale decay,
And never more its joys must prove.

Yes! he had seen the eyes of bliss
Close their seducing lids for ever ;
Fled, fled was beauty's nectar'd kiss,
Would it return ? Ah ! never, never.

O'er all his wounded Soul had crept,
The freezing palsy of despair
And long the notes of Hope had slept,
Hush'd by the drowning voice of Care.

Oh ! he had seen his heart's first love
Forswear the vows she once had taken,
She fled, with rank and wealth to rove ;
For rank and wealth was he forsaken.

He mutely gaz'd—he watch'd her flight—
Then hasten'd from his native shore ;
Since ev'ry beam of love and light
Had sunk away to rise no more.

O'er the wide World he went to roam,
Tost on the darkling breast of Ocean ;
Without a friend, without a home,
A prey to sorrows deep emotion.

SONG.

Now smiling Summer gilds the scene,
And bids each flow'r its sweets exhale,
Clothes the tall hills in brightest green,
And loads with nectar ev'ry gale.
Hark ! in the woods the warbling throng
Pour their wild notes on ev'ry spray ;
All join one loud, one chearful song,
To hail the fragrant birth of day.

But ah ! not long this scene will charm,
Not long its sweets will sooth *my* heart
Soon will disgust its pow'r disarm,
And bid each mantling grace depart :

Soon will its skies be clouded o'er,
And faded all its brightest green ;
For soon will Friendship smile no more,
The Genius of the Silvan scene.

Ah ! then will Mem'ry's pensive eye
Retrace the past with many a tear ;
And searching fancy oft supply
That image to my bosom dear.
And rapid thought shall proudly soar
To Worlds where joys immortal reign,
Where my sad heart, each struggle o'er,
Soft friendship's smile shall meet again.

The LAMENT.

*Supposed to be written by the VICTIM of an ill-placed
AFFECTION.*

“ Enchanted grounds o’er which I vacant stray’d,
In bow’rs of fragrance where I careless sat,
While more than earthly music round me play’d,
To a sad outcast ope again your gate.”

FAWCET.

Oh I could muse, how sadly muse !
On days, on scenes for ever past ;
And with a tearful eye peruse
The page of hopes too bright to last ;
Of hopes that disappointment’s blast,
Wither’d the sweetness and the bloom,
Of winged joys that faded fast,
Of smiles now shrouded in the tomb.

But let my grief-worn haggard mind,
Fly from the mad'ning realms of thought,
For ah ! *too* sure my heart would find
Their tempting lore too dearly bought.
Perchance my soul to frenzy wrought,
Rebellious as the foamy wave,
By false and fatal reasoning caught,
Might seek a coward, guilty grave.

And is the bright delusion o'er ?
Has Peace withdrawn her placid beams ?
Does frolic Fancy smile no more,
In wild conceits and airy dreams ?
Oh yes ! oft-times her sunny gleams
Flash lustrous o'er my dreary night ;
Sudden a tide of radiance streams
Athwart my darken'd famish'd sight.

I see a *well-known* worship'd form,
 Smiling in love, as once it smil'd,
 No poison'd doubts the brow deform,
 And intimate suspicions wild.
 'Tis Nature's pure and artless child,
 As once it was, or *seem'd* to be ;
 The form that first my heart beguil'd,
 Ah ! now for ever lost to me.

And sweet as ever beams that eye,
 Whose soft, ethereal, 'witching ray,
 Could urge my bosom's crouded sigh,
 And wake my soul to prouder day.
 (Oh mad'ning thought ! away, away !)
 Cease, cease to rack my tortur'd brain,
 Cease, cease with frantic voice to say,
 That *now* I feel its cold disdain.

Thou gale of Night, whose rustling wing
Sweeps o'er my cold and bloodless cheek,
I love to hear thee mournful sing
O'er heathy wilds, and mountains bleak,
For ah ! thy deep notes seem to speak
Of valu'd blessings now no more ;
Vainly with *me* thou seem'st to seek
Treasures that Fate can ne'er restore.

And thou pale Orb ! whose lucid light
Now silvers o'er the shadowy deep,
Oft do I view thy glances bright,
When other lids are veil'd in sleep ;
Madly I gaze, and gazing weep
O'er ghosts of long departed joy,
Or mask in thought the whirlwind's sweep,
That doom'd my happiness to die.

Ah, wayward fool ! and dost thou *still*
 List to the song that Mem'ry pours ?
 And dost thou *love* her mournful trill,
 And fondly search her hidden stores ?
 Yes ! yes ! when darkling Winter lours
 We love to muse on days of light ;
 How oft we dream of nectar'd flow'rs,
 And woo them to our longing sight.

Thus will *I* muse on days of bliss,
 And meet once more the glance of love,
 Will ev'ry vulgar care dismiss
 With ling'ring Memory to rove.
 Now will we seek the breezy grove
 Now wander 'neath the silv'ry beam ;
 And oh ! once more will gaily prove
 The sweets of Hope's romantic dream.

Yes ! I *will* gaze on Pleasure's morn,
And view of Love the rising sun ;
Live 'midst the glories of its dawn,
(And oh ! forget its race is run.)
E'en now has passion's thro' begun
To shoot tumultuous thro' my soul,
With thoughts of cold despair I've done,
Away the clouds of sadness roll.

Welcome, ye fantasies of joy,
Dart o'er my mind your wavey light !
And thou sweet Hope begem my sky,
Now curtain'd o'er with shades of night.
Shew to my glad believing sight,
The lovesome, gay, delighting smile ;
And let me drink those glances bright,
That oft have spread their melting wile.

My swelling heart ! thy pulse restrain !
Oh bear of bliss the sunny blaze,
The mad'ning thrill whose pleasing pain,
Thro' ev'ry pulse wide-wand'ring strays.
Yet *can* I meet that swimming gaze,
That beamy smile with tranquil mind ?
And to the looks of former days
Insensate seem and coldly *blind* ?

Ah no ! my soul with rapture springs,
To catch each love-impassion'd ray ;
Forth does she spring on golden wings
To meet th' ascending orb of day.
Ye mists of Night—away, away !
I come the sweets of Hope to prove ;
With thee pale Memory I'll stray,
And meet once more the glance of Love.

LINES

Written on reading *YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS—*
Night the Third, or NARCISSA.

Oh ! mournful lyre ! whose soft, yet deep-toned strains
 Tremble like Zephyr o'er the list'ning plains ;
 Whose melting notes can pierce the coldest breast,
 Waking the sorrows time had lull'd to rest.
 Why did thy cadence reach *my* troubled soul,
 And cause again the tide of grief to roll ?
 Why did the sweetly-warbled song arise,
Again to swell affliction's quiv'ring sighs ?
 To animate once more *my* slumb'ring woes,
 And call fond Mem'ry from her short repose ?
 And was *thy* " Harmonist " as sweet as mine ?
 Did Nature clothe her form with tints so fine ?

Could there e'er bloom *another* flow'r so fair ?
 Could e'er another loss with mine compare ?
 Oh human buds ! that only bloom to die !
 Why are ye shewn to fond affection's eye ?
 Why doat we on the "perishable bloom" —
 Why ever taste its rich and brief perfume ?
 When morning mantles o'er the purple hill,
 Our clasping arms the lovely phantoms fill,
 But Night beholds us wand'ring o'er the wild,
 Bankrupt in soul, of ev'ry good despoil'd.
 Thus have I gaz'd upon some op'ning rose,
 And anxious watch'd its deep'ning leaves uncloze,
 And fondly view'd its gay meridian hour,
 And christen'd it my lov'd and fav'rite flow'r.
 But ah ! the gale would rise, and scatter wide,
 The fragile garniture of beauty's pride.

Borne on the wings of ev'ry wind that blew,
Some fragment of the lovely blossom flew,
And, when I strove to grasp its leaves so fair,
I grasp'd the vacuum of the shapeless air.

REGINALD the BRAVE.

Bright smiles the face of bucksome day,
 And merry bells their changes ring ;
 But who is *he* in trim so gay,
 Whose looks are glad as jocund Spring ?

Oh ! tis the Lord of Ettrick Tow'r,
 'Tis Reginald the young, and brave,
 Of chivalry the brightest flow'r,
 Of conqu'ring Love the lowliest slave.

And who is *she* whose gentle mien,
 Might lull to rest the tempest's rage ?
 Whose form is that of Beauty's Queen,
 Whose looks must ev'ry heart engage.

Oh ! 'tis the Rose of Ettrick's vale,
 Of Ettrick vale the boast and pride,
 And so at least relates my tale
 Of Reginald the blushing bride.

.....

And now, twelve moons their course had run,
 Again Spring shew'd her merry face,
 In Ellen's form each rising sun
 Beheld some new and finish'd grace.

And ev'ry morn that gaily smil'd,
Beheld of joy the deep'ning bloom ;
Thus does the flow'ret of the wild,
Each morn encrease its rich perfume.

How shall I paint those days of love,
How paint the hours that rapture gave !
And sing thro' all the list'ning grove,
Of Reginald the young and brave.

Alas ! the hour of grief is near !
Hark to the clarion-sounds of War !
Behold the shield, the quiv'ring spear,
The crimson banners wave afar.

And listen to the mournful sigh,
That bursts from Ellen's trembling breast ;
And view the melting tearful eye,
That fears on Reginald to rest !

Affrighted Joy his home forsakes,
And clouds of sadness 'gin to low'r ;
For now the trumpet's clangour shakes
The mouldring walls of Ettrick Tower.

“ Ah ! check, my Love, those bursting sighs,
And brush away that falling tear ;
To-morrow's sun will brightly rise
And bring thy faithful lover here.

When, that the field of blood I seek,
When thick the deadly arrows fly ;
I'll think upon that mantling cheek,
I'll muse upon that speaking eye.

I'll ponder o'er each touching charm
That plays around that angel-face ;
Those thoughts shall nerve with strength my arm,
Those thoughts shall ev'ry sinew brace.

Then smile, my Love, my Ellen dear !
No longer droop that beauteous head,
To-morrow's sun will see me here,
I *shall not* fall in Honour's bed.

Or, if the winged mortal dart,
The dart of death *should* lay me low,
It must not break that gentle heart,
It must not cause those tears to flow.

Weep not if Fate my youth should doom,
To share the exit of the brave !
In other worlds our love shall bloom,
We meet again beyond the grave.

But let me clasp that form once more,
That form of grace the fair abode,
And let that voice its nectar pour,
Sweeter than e'er from zephyr flow'd.

Yet turn away that mad'ning glance,
And oh ! of grief restrain the flood :"
He said,—and couch'd his quiv'ring lance,
Then quickly sought the field of blood.

While Ellen's eager, hopeless gaze,
Bent on his track for many an hour ;
E'en till the Sun's declining rays,
Were fading fast from Ettrick Tow'r.

O'er many a hill, and many a plain,
The valiant Knight his course pursu'd,
And ev'ry vassal in his train
Seem'd with a lion's strength endued.

Now mantling morn had ting'd the sky,
And bade the mountain-breeze awake ;
And flow'rs of ev'ry scent and die,
Seem'd of her freshness to partake.

Uprose the Sun in bright array,
To pour around his dazzling flood ;
Yet not as wont, for on *that* day,
He seem'd, alas ! to rise in blood.

How fearful shriek'd the trumpet's blast !
Quick answer'd by the angry foe ;
On, on they pour'd, in columns vast,
To strike the dread contending blow.

Who is yon Knight of noble form,
Whose sable plumes majestic wave ?
Who seems to court the battle's storm,
'Tis Reginald the young and brave.

See, rich in ev'ry manly charm,
How conqu'ring glories round him flame !
Each time he lifts his potent arm,
He calls upon his Ellen's name.

And oh ! that name, that magic spell
Will surely ward the mortal dart !
Tho' Death may pour his arrows fell,
They *shall* not reach that noble heart.

But view yon chief of haughty mien,
With nodding plumes of crimson die ;
Disdain upon his brow is seen,
And fury sparkles in his eye.

Now does he couch his quiv'ring lance,
And onward spur his nimble steed ;
Proud o'er the plain 'tis seen to prance,
As if to share the val'rous deed.

Soon did the rival Knights engage ;
Long, long and bloody was the fight :
And who shall tell their looks of rage,
And who shall paint their blows of might.

Now hast'ning from the forest gloom,
A comely page appear'd in view,
Just as the Knight with crimson plume
The valiant Reginald o'erthrew.

Now does he aim the deadly blow
Intended for the prostrate breast ;
Ah ! Reginald shall die! — but no—
It lays *another* soul to rest.

Alas ! 'tis Ellen's faithful heart,
That feels the icy hand of Death :
Now from her cheek the smiles depart,
Now steals away the balmy breath.

She came disguis'd in man's attire,
 To guard the safety of her Love ;
 Unmov'd she stood the battle's fire,
 Her matchless worth and faith to prove.

But can *his* widow'd heart yet glow ?
 Ah no ! *for ever* is it still,—
 No more to feel misfortune's throe,
 No more to prove the lovesome thrill.

Now in the green and shelter'd vale,
 Where peeps the vi'let's purple eye,
 Oft does the wild and moaning gale,
 Delight near Ellen's grave to sigh.

And those dark Yews that shade the plains,
Still do they love their boughs to wave,
Where calmly sleep the cold remains,
Of Reginald the Young and Brave.

The DEATH of LOVE.

SONG.

I saw the leaves of Hope unclose
I drank their rich meridian bloom ;
And oh ! behold her fairest rose,
Stripp'd of its blush and gay perfume.

Yes ! I beheld her brightest flow'r,
Laid low by rude Fate's cutting wind ;
Speechless I view'd the tempest low'r,
And mark'd the rents it left behind.

I watch'd the furtive glance of Love,
On me it dwelt, or seem'd to dwell ;
And oh ! in vain my weak heart strove,
To break its sweet and 'witching spell.

How I have gaz'd—to madness gaz'd,
On charms that others ne'er could find ;
No faintest trace has time eras'd,
Of all that stole my passive mind.

I meet again the thrilling beam,
That caus'd my bosom's peace to die ;
I hear once more those accents stream,
That woke the wild delirious sigh.

Yes! I have seen the gradual death,
Of all that Hope or Love could give ;
And mutely watch'd their fading breath ;
This have I seen ! and yet I live.

Aug. 1804.

To the GENIUS of ROMANCE.

Oh thou ! whose bland intoxicating smile,
Darts o'er the gloomy barrenness of Life
Its lustrous day, making the desert bloom,
E'en as the sun o'er brow of dusky cliff
Resplendent shines, cheering the vale beneath,
And pouring thro' its wild and curtain'd shade,
His gay exulting eye. Thee will I court,
Thee shall my Muse invoke to bless her song,
Her artless song—whose rude unmeasur'd trill,
Has oft-times cheated Sorrow's dreary hour

Of all its wrath, and bade my musing-heart,
Turn from reality to count the charms
Of Fancy's boundless world, has bade it gaze,
In mute delight, on gay ideal realms
Warm'd by th' effusive beams of joy and love.
And *thou* wast there ! Lo ! on the sunny shore,
The woodland-swell, the bold and Alpine height
Thy form appear'd ! I saw thy bounding step
Dance o'er the fairy plain, and mark'd thine eye
Kindle new beauties in the dreamy scene.
Now—on the breezy mountain's utmost verge
Tow'ring sublime—I view'd thy beauteous form,
With locks loose-streaming to the frolic gale,
And drap'ry floating wild—Entranc'd I've dwelt
On all thy rich variety of grace,
And cunning witcheries of voice and mien.

How promptly has my wond'ring heart obey'd
 Thy beck'ning hand that call'd it to survey
 The wavy features of thy gay domain.
 And oh ! when waking from the thick-wove trance
 Of Fancy's day-dreams, when the present hour,
 Return'd again in all its barrenness,
 How hast thou whisper'd to my palsied soul,
 That 'midst the weeds, the rank and vulgar weeds
 That crouded up my path, some straggling flow'r
 Would brightly rise to gem my rugged fate,
 And pour its nectar on my thirsty heart.
 Yes sweet Romance ! my love thou long hast been,
 Long hast thou sooth'd my pleas'd and list'ning ear,
 With charming lies, and bade my cheated sight
 Drink the un-real tints, the shad'wy charms
 The slanting sun-blaze, and the wand'ring gale .

Of Hope's gay land : nor would my heart forego
Thy tempting feast, or lose thy golden smile,
Thy swimming glance, for all the awful charms
That Reason boasts ; for 'tis most sweet to think
That Joy's fair star shall ever brightly hang,
Its lustre-beaming lamp, whose lucid light
These eyes have vainly sought among the stars
Of *real* life ! its dull and darkling sky
Seldom emits one lively ray, or yields
One bloomy tint ;—'tis murky sadness all,
And threat'ning gloom. Or if a transient gleam,
Bursts th' impris'ning veil of low-born cares,
And wintry-mists, and for one winged hour
Lends its half-hidden light, how soon the train,
The billowy train of Disappointment's clouds
Comes rolling on, to quench its timid beam,

And spread again the universal Night.
Arise, fond Memory, and o'er my verse
Pour thy effulgence ! Oh relate the spell
That busy Fancy wove, and sweet Romance
Twin'd round my glowing heart, making each pulse
To riot wild, and spreading all around,
E'en thro' its quivering, its inly core,
The rich voluptuous tide of mad'ning Hope.
How I have sprung to meet the fancied dawn
Of Love's soft Orb ! how hail'd its seeming rise,
And proud Meridian ! Oh my musing soul !
Dwell on the thrilling dreams, the wild conceits,
The wishes warm, that o'er my wilder'd brain
Have danc'd in gay confusion, scatt'ring wide
Th' amusive flame, when I have *seem'd* to meet
The glance, and hang upon the melting smile

Of fond affection.—Come then, dear Romance,
Steal o'er my soul, and *still* shall it survey
The bright enchantments of thy dreamy world.

An ADDRESS to APATHY,

Gone are the dreams of gay delight,
That hover'd o'er my youthful slumbers ;
No more I view their features bright,
No more I hear their warbling numbers.

Gone is the downy bloom of joy,
That mantled o'er the bright hereafter ;

Gone is of Love the melting eye,
And gone the " wreathed " grace of laughter.

Well ! let them go !—their charms I scorn,
And oh ! renounce their empty pleasures ;

Thou shalt, oh Apathy ! my verse adorn ;
Thee will I sing in artless measures.

Yes ! inmate of my frozen breast,
Thou shalt inspire my rugged numbers ;
Thy voice shall lull my soul to rest,
Thy form shall glide athwart my slumbers.

When, on the vale, and breezy steep,
Shall steal the drowsy charm of sleep,
And o'er the graces of the land,
Darkness shall wave his ebon wand,
And silence banish Zephyr's breath,
Mocking the awful calm of death !

And Fancy's wild rebellious train,
Dance thro' the regions of the brain,
Then will I court thy placid pow'r,
Then, e'en in Fancy's chosen hour

Oh drive her from her fever'd throne
And thou usurp her seat alone.
Let not her thrilling notes arise,
Her charms salute my sleeping eyes,
For she can sing—so sweetly sing,
And o'er her form such lustre fling,
Stealing the tints of Joy and Youth,
That Hope mistakes it for the form of truth.
God ! I would rather have her frenzi'd eye
Glare like a meteor on my soul's dark sky ;
Have her awake the tempest's sweeping blast,
Than all the ghosts of days for ever past ;
Of hours when Love's delirious throb,
My subject mind of strength would rob ;
When I the sighs of folly heav'd,
When Reason wish'd to be deceiv'd.—

Then haste the bands of Thought to sever,
Ah ! close the mad'ning book for ever.

SONG.

Days of my youth, ye are gliding away !
Days of my youth ye will shortly be vanish'd ;
Soon will the warm tints of Fancy decay,
Soon from my cheek will the roses be banish'd.

Brief as the wild-flow'r that lives on the spray,
Brief as the bright dew that hangs on the morning ;
Youth gives its blossoms to Life's barren way,
All the drear waste for an instant adorning.

Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd,
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be number'd,
Quickly the shoots of Romance will be crush'd,
All will be fled that I've wish'd or I've slumber'd.

Go then ye warm-beaming joys of a day,
Go then ye moments of bliss and of sorrow ;
Calm will I bend me to Time's pale decay,
And from Contentment *new* roses will borrow.

The LOVER'S DEPARTURE.

Lo ! at length the Morn appearing
Comes with faintly-dawning light,
Quick I start, the summons hearing,
From the fever'd dreams of night.

Oh thou pale orb ! now retreating,
Yet awhile thy progress stay !
I shall give the Morn no greeting,
For it calls me far away.

Scenes where Love and transport dwelling,
Spread their sun-shine round my heart ;
Now each pulse with anguish swelling,
Sadly tells that we must part.

Hark ! I hear the wheels advancing,
Wheels that bear me far away ;
Adieu ! ye joys once gaily dancing,
Pleasures, innocent as gay.

Adieu, thou Spire ! so light and slender,
Once the beacon of delight !
Let me all my soul surrender,—
Be each sense absorb'd in sight.

Each remember'd spot surveying,
Thought shall vanish'd hours retrace,
Fancy all the past pourtraying,
Shall recal each touching grace.

Mark the feath'ry flakes descending,
Hear the patt'ring of the rain !
Raving winds, their fury blending,
Strive to desolate the plain.

Yet how few the moments number'd,
Since this dark scene an Eden bloom'd !
At Love's command the tempest slumber'd,
Winter the garb of Spring assum'd.

Swiftly speeds the dart of sorrow,
Swiftly Joy's rich buds decay,
Tho' blushing *now*,—yet on the morrow,
All their brightness fades away.

But Hope shall lift her golden pinion,
And glad my soul with melting strains ;
Joy shall resume his gay dominion,
Shall beam once more on happier plains.

Adieu ! Adieu then loyely Exile—
Down foolish heart ! these throbs restrain ;
On other shores I'll hail thy smile,
In brighter climes we meet again.

*LINES**ADDRESSED TO MY OWN HEART*

What art thou calm ? Is all thy flutt'ring o'er ?
Does Joy dilate, does Grief convulse no more ?
Has Passion ceas'd to urge her frantic sway,
Or gentler tenderness forgot to play ?
Does trembling Doubt, that shapes ideal woe,
O'er my sick mind, no more its shadows throw ?
Has Siren-Hope her tendrils ceas'd to twine,
And Fancy's loom to weave its visions fine ?
Yes, all is still—still as the sleep of death,
Or stagnant lake that feels not Zephyr's breath ;
O'er whose dark breast no swelling wave is driv'n,
Whose lonely banks ne'er catch the smile of Heav'n.

Gone are the rainbow dreams that Fancy wove,
 Sunk and extinguish'd is the lamp of love.
 Hope has, *indeed*, her tendrils ceas'd to twine,
 Nay, ev'ry wish is flown that once was mine.
 Doubt can no longer wake the secret sigh,
 Long has it chang'd to mournful certainty.
 Yet I am free—free as the wanton gale,
 That idly wand'ring thro' the woodland vale,
 Pours its wild music to the mountain wave
 Diving remote to Ocean's deepest cave.
 Mark how the trembling wretch whose frenzied gaze,
 Has ask'd in vain the Sun's benignant rays,
 Whose wasted form fast sinking to the tomb,
 Pants 'midst the horrors of a dungeon's gloom :
 Mark, when his freedom dawns, how beams his eye !
 See how he hails the smile of Liberty.

But I alas ! when unconfin'd and free,

Bitterly musing, curse my Liberty.

Oh, mantling tints that streak'd the morning sky !

Still do ye brightly bloom to Mem'ry's eye.

Still does she dwell on ev'ry touching grace,

Still pause and mourn what time can ne'er replace ;

Turns from the scenes where Joy its lustre pours,

To throw her lengthen'd gaze o'er vanish'd hours.

Vain is her gaze, and fruitless are her sighs ;

Fast from her mock'd embrace each phantom flies ;

'Tis like the fragrance of some far-off vale,

That rising faintly on the evening gale,

Speaks to the aching sense of distant flow'rs,

And smiling verdure wash'd by summer-show'rs ;

Of wavey woods and skies of brighter blue,

Of sun-gilt hills the eye is ne'er to view.

Or like the chaste and silv'ry lamp of night,
Which yields no genial warmth tho' giving light.
What then remains to bind me to this world,
When from the steep of Joy my soul is hurl'd?
Say, what remains to snatch me from despair,
What but disgust and moments brown'd by care?
Yes ! yes, one tie still warms my palsied breast,
And stays my soul from flying to her rest.
Still round the scene affection weaves her spells,
For in this barren waste a dear one dwells,
My lov'd companion ! Sun that gilds my day,
The only flow'r that smooths my rugged way.
Life still has charms—her bands I will not rend,
I'll tarry, for my Lover, Mother, Friend.

FRAGMENTS.

Loud rav'd the rav'ning storm ! it came—it past,
 And Angels trembled at the ruthless blast ;
 Yes, angels wept to view the wreck of mind,
 To mark each rent the tempest left behind ;
 To count each fall'n column that once grac'd
 The noble fabric, now alas ! defac'd.

Oh ye wild winds ! that ride on murd'rous wing !
 Ye wizard pow'rs, that nip creation's spring !
 Ye billowy clouds that veil the lamp of Heav'n,
 And o'er the bland expanse are rudely driv'n !
 No longer boast *your* desolating sway,
 While Passion's storm shall wreck the Mind's fair day :

Tear with wild hand each flow'r by honour sown,
And with mad haste hurl reason from her throne.
Was it for this that Nature's nicest art,
Wove the fine fibres of the feeling heart?
Was it for this that Wisdom's piercing ray,
Bright as the radiant star that heralds day,
Held each wild thought beneath its strong control,
And reign'd the Guardian Planet of the soul?
And *must* I think it? Must the magic-spell,
Whose 'witching pow'r no mortal tongue can tell;
Must ev'ry charm that fancy lov'd to trace,
Fade like a night-dream from her mock'd embrace?

.....

.....

Fair Lady, why that sadden'd eye,
And why that pale and quiv'ring lip ?
But late I mark'd its vivid die,
And thought the Gods its dew might sip.

And why that blanch'd dejected cheek,
Whence Spring so late her roses hung ;
Why do my glances vainly seek,
The grace that dwelt thy smiles among ?

Alas ! that eye, that languid eye
Was wont to dart enam'ring fire ;
Oft have I seen its sparkles fly,
To bid a wond'ring world admire.

Say, is it Love that dims its ray,
That veils in gloom its world of light ?
Say, is it Passion's tyrant sway,
That shrouds each dazzling beam in night ?

Or has thy gentle, trusting breast,
Believed the smile that Friendship wore ;
Oh ! hast thou lull'd each doubt to rest,
Till Reason bade thee doubt no more.

If Love it be that wakes the sigh,
And banishes thy bosom's calm !
If Love it be that fades thine eye,
And bids his wand thy smiles disarm ;—

Break, break the spell,—the silken chain
That holds thy weak and passive mind ;
Throw off thy bonds with proud disdain,
And leave thy fears and griefs behind.

And Friendship—oh ! the empty name !
Learn to distrust her blandest smile,
Think that it “ follows Wealth and Fame,”
And flatters only to beguile.

Then Lady shall thy languid eye,
Again dart forth enam'ring fire,
Then shall its sparkles gaily fly,
To bid a wond'ring world admire.

.....

.....

What is Pleasure ?—'tis a bubble,
Fill'd with empty froth and wind ;
Leading on to care and trouble,
Leaving many a sting behind.

What is Hope ? Ah ! 'tis a Siren,
Who enamours to destroy ;
Cunning wiles her form environ,
Mischief revels in her eye.

What is Reason ?—'tis a taper,
Passion's gust too oft puts out !
'Tis a thin and wand'ring vapour,
Blown by storms of Thought about.

What is Fortune ? She's a gipsey,
 Who delights in odd mistakes ;
 Oft I think the Jade is tipsey,
 Such a blundering she makes.

What is Love ?—an idle *méteor*
 Playing round the cheated heart,
 Dancing o'er each conscious feature,
 Spreading wide th' amusive smart.

What is Friendship ?—'tis a cov'ring,
 Art puts on to safer cheat,
 O'er its victim kite-like hov'ring,
 While its looks are soft and sweet.

.....

.....

When lately I mus'd on the days that are fled,
And dwelt on the friendships that now are no more,
When I thought of that form whose bright tints are
 now dead,
And wept o'er the charms I had worship'd before :

'Twas then that a voice seem'd to swell on my soul,
I listen'd—and Fancy the cadence renew'd ;
Through the silence of Nature its melody stole,
And thus the rich descant its warbling pursu'd.

.....

Why lingers the tear on thy care-furrow'd cheek,
Why bursts from thy bosom the languishing sigh ?
Oh ! what does thy wandering memory seek,
Or what does she shew to thy sorrowing eye ?

How wild is the theme that remembrance pours,
How worthless the visions she spreads to thy view ;
Thou fool ! to still linger o'er time-faded hours,
And turn from the joys that are glitt'ring and new.

Why dwell on the smile now its lustre is flown ?
Why muse on those friendships that mellow'd the past !
Ah ! both should be valued and cherish'd alone,
So long as their gloss and their newness shall last.

Then blot from the tablet of fancy, oh ! blot
The relics of all that has flatter'd or sooth'd ;
Be the accents of kindness and sweetness forgot,
Be the page that they dwell in no longer perused.

THE END.



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